L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

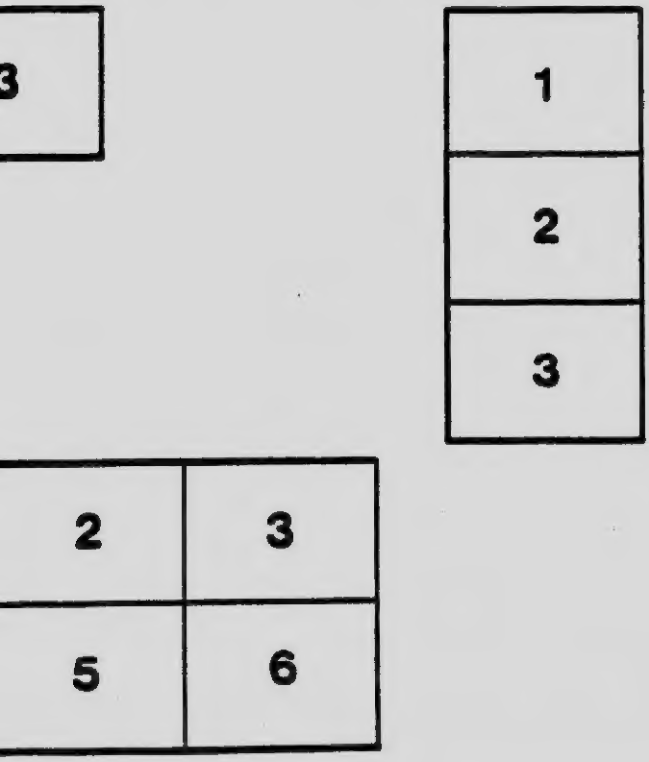
Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

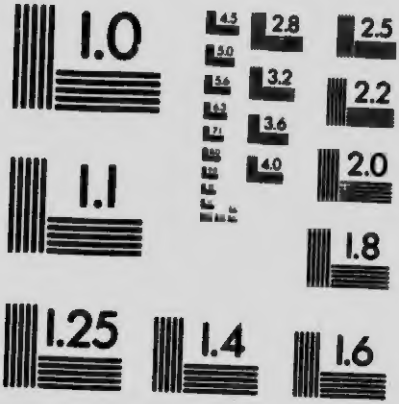
Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole ⟶ signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▽ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1901, by R. A. Lister & Co., Limited, at the Department of Agriculture.

MRS. CAMPBELL

AND HER FRIEND AT THE FAIR

S
84
50
M77
1901

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1901, by R. A. Lister & Co., Limited, at the Department of Agriculture.

Mrs. Campbell and Her Friend at the Fair.....

(In front of one of the stands.)

MRS. CAMPBELL (To her husband)—Say, John, what's a pound-foot?

JOHN—Is it a conundrum, Sal? Or ye didna happen to mean a club-foot, may be?

SAL—Come, quit your fooling, John. You know right well it's neither a club-foot nor a conundrum I mean. You've still something to learn about machinery it seems.

JOHN—Machinery! It's no that banner yonder ye're looking at? Weel, weel, weel; if ye get to reading that way ye'll have to wear a pair of cross-eye binoculars. Didna ye see it's a foot-pound it says and not a pound-foot. A foot-pound I can tell ye, Sarah, is a term used in measuring power or work. If I lift two bushels of wheat weighing say 120 pounds as high as our wagon-box—that's about three feet—I should expend a force of 120 times three, that is, 360 foot-pounds.

MRS. CAMPBELL—Well, if that is so, how can one Separator have taken 112 foot-pounds to separate milk, while others take 254 foot-pounds to do the very same quantity?

JOHN—Well, my dear, suppose our Jim was to try and put those two bushels of wheat on the wagon instead of me. You know how he'd fuss around and get red in the face and take about ten minutes to do it?

SARAH—(To boy) What are you boys shoving me for? Just keep back or—

BOY—I couldn't help it, marm. They're a-shoving behind us. We want to see what's going on too.

JOHN—He'd expend much more force than me, but not in the right way, and spill a lot of the wheat in the bargain if the sacks wasn't tied up so that he couldn't. If we kep' Jim loading all along it would soon pull him to pieces, we'd have the doctor in the house till seedin', then the undertaker and after him—

SARAH—Ow! Drat you boys, keep off my toes will yez.

JOHN—If you boys can't behave I'll have you put outside. Jes' keep quiet. You'll see when yer turn comes. And after Jim we'd have to go to the expense of a regular farm hand. The difference between that "Melotte" and them other separators is like the difference between Jim and me loading. Taking so much more power they must rack themselves to pieces, and do the work worse and worse. You send them to the repair shop. Then it's the same thing over again only quicker, and in twelve or eighteen months they're rusting in the tool shed and you have to buy the good machine after all. I should say, Sarah, a separator that took so much less power than others as they say that "Melotte" does would last as many years as them others would months.

SARAH—What's that tall chap doing up there? Him with the glasses on.

JOHN—Oh, I guess he's reading the test. That's what he is too. I can't hear. (To expert) What do you say?

LISTER-MELOTTE (Expert in charge)—I was saying, sir, that, the test showed that we skimmed this morning down to .02. That's a good showing, sir, but we did better—

POLICEMAN (passing)—Move on, move on please; don't block the aisle. (Boy is moved on to the great relief of Mrs. Campbell.)

LISTER-MELOTTE—(continuing)—We had a contest with the Alpha de Laval last May, at Owen Sound, where we did even better. We got down to .01, while our opponent's skimming was .02. We came out ahead again in the skimming in a contest with that machine at Stouffville, last June. With cold milk——

SARAH—What does he mean by skimming down to point owe two?

JOHN—Sh, wait a bit, Sal. (To expert) What's that about cold milk?

LISTER-MELOTTE—I beg your pardon, sir, did you—Oh! cold milk. Yes, sir, I was saying that these contests showed that no machine could do better work than the "Melotte" with milk at 65°, nor as good when the milk is separated anywhere near the proper temperature. In all cases—(Testimonals? Certainly, madam, don't mention it, it's a pleasure, and when you have read them we shall be delighted to send you a machine so that you may try it at your own farm before buying.) Well, ladies and gentlemen, anywh——

SARAH—Look, John, at that little bit of a boy pouring the milk in. The receiving can seems to be much lower than on any of the other separators we've seen. I shouldn't like to have to lift the pails up to those two we saw first. Well I declare if there isn't Mrs. O'Reilly, from Smith's Falls. And how are you? Um. And how's Pat? Well, well, now I never expected to see you here. Let's come out and sit under the trees. This crowd chokes me.

MRS. O'REILLY—And what's the crowd all about, Sal? You've got over your trouble safely? That's good. The "Melotte"? Yes, didn't you know? Since when? It must be March a year ago now. Like it? Sure and I wouldn't take half-a-dozen others the same or different

for it. It's a charm, a charm, Sal. You'll find not a drop of cream in the milk-pail after the "Melotte" has got in its work, and as for the butter—why, Sal, we get three cents a pound more for it regular, and there are more pounds too, there must be. But where's John, Sal?

SARAH—La now, I'd quite forgotten the man. Didn't you see him. Why he was close———Just look at this little darling, ain't she sweet? Where's her mother? Let me see if I've a cookie left. Yes, just one. Here, dear, will you give the lady a kiss? No? Well, ta, ta. I tell yez Mrs. O'Reilly I'd never trust my little ones to a great gawk of a girl like that. He'll find us when he comes out. I was so surprised at seeing you, I clear forgot him. He wants to see the "Melotte" work. We're going to get a Separator of some kind, but John he's so fearful of buying the wrong one. I reckon we've lost more money now since we first thought of it a year ago than would have paid for the best of them.

MRS. O'REILLY—Sure and yer right. Well, they'll let you have a "Melotte" to try, I think.

SARAH—Yes, the man said that.

MRS. O'REILLY—You've never seen such healthy looking calves since we gave ours the fresh separated milk. Its warm and sweet and I expect they get fatter to show how much better they like it. Its funny for there's no fat in it now and there was quite a bit in the skimmed milk before we had the Separator. We tried that. The hogs—

BOY—(To Sarah) Will ye give us a match, marm?

MRS. O'REILLY—You go home quick and ask your mother to learn you manners—if she knows them. Here's a policeman, he'll school you. (Exit boy.)

SARAH—I thought there was a law on boys smoking.

MRS. O'REILLY—It's the wisdom of Solomon laid on with a birch rod as they want — them or their parents.

SARAH—And what about repairs?

MRS. O'REILLY—Well we haven't spent five cents yet and that's not much for eighteen months work; is it? It's the smooth way it works I think—there's no jar at all. I do all the separating myself, so I'd know if there was. Ours is a 500 pound an hour machine.

SARAH—Does it do it? I sometimes think these agents ain't exactly truthful.

MRS. O'REILLY—Ha, ha, ha! If that isn't a good 'un. That was delicately put, Sal; I should smile. No indeed, Pat knows they ain't always mathematical. Ours does it all right though, and Hezekiah Reeves, from just north of Stouffville, he was over to our place a fortnight ago come Tuesday—you know Hezekiah, he's a likely lad, he'll make his way, spite of his name, you mark my words, Sal—Wednesday it was, the men were just finishing drawing the hay. Well he was full of a trial they'd had the day before, between the "Melotte" and the "Laval", and he told us——

BOY (passing)—Peanuts! Pop-corn! Nice bag of pop-corn! Only 5 cents! (Sarah buys pop-corn.)

SARAH—Have some? It looks nice. Oh, I don't. I prefer pop-corn.

ANOTHER BOY—Shine! Shine! Ten cents! Red shine! Black shine! Polish up your pedal teguments. Only ten cents!

MRS. O'RIELLY—It does one good to see a bright little chap like that. Eh, Sal? Well Hezekiah—you know he's living down Stouffville way now—he says the "Melotte" did nearly forty pounds an hour more than it was advertised to do, and the other machine, the Lavel, did nearly ten pounds less than they advertised, and there were experts from the College and all. Hullo, here's John, smiling all over his face like a Cheshire cat in convulsions. And how are you, John? That's good. You're looking hearty.

SARAH—Where did you—

JOHN—Well I've done it. They're going to send it Tuesday, Sal. From what I hear they have had hard work to keep up with the demand. It's a good machine, I'm sure.

MRS. O'RIELLY—So am I, John. It's a most excellent machine, and I ought to know.

JOHN—Oh, yes, by the way. You're one of them dairy experts now. Yes, I saw right through to the cleaning up and all. What with saving of time, ice, pans; and more butter and—

MRS. O'REILLY—Well, John, I must be moving. Good bye, Sal. I've come to see the people and meet some of the old timers. So-long, see you later. Lovely weather, isn't it?

Omnes Exeunt.